# CALENDAR FOR 1912.

| JANUARY. | | | | | | | FEBRUARY. | | | | | | | MARCH. | | | | | | | APRIL. | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Sunday*, | | | | 7 | 14 | 21 | 28 | *S.* | | | | 4 | 11 | 18 | 25 | *S.* | 3 | 10 | 17 | 24 | 31 | *S.* | | | | 7 | 14 | 21 | 28 |
| Monday, | | 1 | 8 | 15 | 22 | 29 | M. | | 5 | 12 | 19 | 26 | M. | 4 | 11 | 18 | 25 | M. | | 1 | 8 | 15 | 22 | 29 |
| Tuesday, | | 2 | 9 | 16 | 23 | 30 | T. | | 6 | 13 | 20 | 27 | T. | 5 | 12 | 19 | 26 | T. | | 2 | 9 | 16 | 23 | 30 |
| Wednesday, | 3 | 10 | 17 | 24 | 31 | W. | | 7 | 14 | 21 | 28 | W. | 6 | 13 | 20 | 27 | W. | 3 | 10 | 17 | 24 | | | | | | | |
| Thursday, | 4 | 11 | 18 | 25 | | T. | 1 | 8 | 15 | 22 | 29 | T. | 7 | 14 | 21 | 28 | T. | 4 | 11 | 18 | 25 | | | | | | | |
| Friday, | 5 | 12 | 19 | 26 | | F. | 2 | 9 | 16 | 23 | | F. | 1 | 8 | 15 | 22 | 29 | F. | 5 | 12 | 19 | 26 | | | | | | | |
| Saturday, | 6 | 13 | 20 | 27 | | S. | 3 | 10 | 17 | 24 | | S. | 2 | 9 | 16 | 23 | 30 | S. | 6 | 13 | 20 | 27 | | | | | | | |

| MAY. | | | | | | | JUNE. | | | | | | | JULY. | | | | | | | AUGUST. | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Sunday*, | | 5 | 12 | 19 | 26 | *S.* | 2 | 9 | 16 | 23 | 30 | *S.* | | 7 | 14 | 21 | 28 | *S.* | | 4 | 11 | 18 | 25 |
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| Thursday, | 2 | 9 | 16 | 23 | 30 | T. | 6 | 13 | 20 | 27 | | T. | 4 | 11 | 18 | 25 | | T. | 1 | 8 | 15 | 22 | 29 |
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| SEPTEMBER. | | | | | | | OCTOBER. | | | | | | | NOVEMBER. | | | | | | | DECEMBER. | | | | | | |
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# CALENDAR FOR 1913.

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ALLIBHOY ESMAILJEE, BOMBAY.

Some of Helen's sayings
and doings; also Billy's

May 1912. She is discovered in the bathroom brushing her doll's teeth with her own small toothbrush.

June 1912

Approaching the chaukidar who has come in from a heavy rain, she says to him:

"Tum bhiga ho? Ham, coat bhiga hai. Yeh bhi bhiga hai (feeling his kurta). Sab bhiga hai. Tabhi. Ham safa karengi. Nai ai. Thaiho. Ham safa karengi".

July, 1912.

Being reproved for poking in the vase of flowers on the dining-room table with her fork she turns to her mother & remarks, "Lekin ham to phul dekhengi, mamma".

At the same meal, seeing her mother put her finger in her mouth, she makes the

following observation:
"Ayah, Suamma ka dant nikalta hai".

Later, when the ayah she says "Tum bari naughty ho, ayah. Jao. Ta Ta".

After feeding her mother for a considerable length of time on dry sticks + wooden blocks, she finally caps the climax by putting to her lips the lid of an empty shoe polish box with the instruction: "Mera bachchha pani pio."

Being asked the name of peas (Spratts), she replies promptly, "goli".

Aug. 10, 1912

At dinner, Helen turns to

Bechari with the following bit of information:
"Bechari mamma gusl karke, kuchh nahin roti hain".

Aug. 14, 1912.

"Guriya mar gayi. Ram dawai lagiengi. Tab achchha ho jaengi"—
And off she goes for the medicine returning with a small block of wood with which she vigorously rubs the doll's face. She revives immediately.

Aug 29 1912

Upon being reproved for having such a dirty dress, when Aplies, "Pahnle do,

mamma; ham kyā karen?"

Nov. 29, 1912

On the train enroute from Allahabad to Gwalior. Helen awaking at daybreak, remarks, "Kal ā gayā".

Dec. 15, 1912

Mamma to Helen after returning from church: "Girja men tum ne kyā suna?

Helen replies promptly - "Yesu Masih mero prānā bachāyā".

May 25 1913.

As Helen is on her way to Sunday School Trumbull Smith comes up nudges her and says "your mother's got a baby". Helen pays little attention to him at first. He pokes her in the ribs again + says "your mother's got a baby". Helen replies "She has not got a baby; she's got a boy".

May 27, 1913

The First Candour

Helen has just been put to bed in the

glazed verandah room.
Ernest takes his chair
& sits just outside the
door.

Helen - "What are you
doing there, papa?"
Ernest - "Oh" I'm just sitting
here".
Helen - "Oh you're the
night watchman?"

June 1913.

After a long session with Helen
when she had been particularly
naughty, her father says "What
am I to do with you?"
She replies calmly, "You will
forgive me".

March 1913.

Ernest gannier to Helen -
what are you doing there kid?
Helen - "I'm not 'kid'; I'm
Helen Baba".

Later - Ernest g. says something
else to Helen again addressing
her as "kid".
Helen - Who says "kid"?
Gannier - I do.
Helen disgustedly: "Ladies &
gentlemen do not say
'kid'.

July 18, 1913 Helen to Mrs. Edwards
at supper
"Auntie, I want a piece of
tea".

Aug. 26, 1913.

Helen attempts to feed Junior a slice of bread.

June 1913

Helen says to a "bohunculi" who is trying to sell me some buttons at a high price: "Go away. Mamma don't want to argue with you. But come again tomorrow. Perhaps she will take them then."

Aug. 28, 1913

Elizabeth Higginbottom - "Kate sing 'When birds are shine'"

Helen - "Dis ain't no girja"!

Aug. 31, 1913

Helen to Junior: "Jo roti hai wo. Jemima kai. Billie boy, Jemima mat ko. Cy don't."

Sept. 1913

Helen at the breakfast-table; "Mamma, it's raining. I must raise my umbrella". And she proceeds to pierce a piece of pan cake with her fork & raise it on her head.

Sept. 18, 1913.

Helen to Junior Billy, bolo 'meiv'!

December 1913

Helen has again disgraced herself in high society. . . . other day her mother took her with her to call on the grandmother of the Maharajah, Lady Jadhur. A fine old lady who has her home not far from us where she receives visits every day from her daughter the Dowager Maharani, who is the real power behind the throne here in Gwalior. Helen has arrived at the question age and she can ask more questions than a prosecuting attorney.

One of the habits of the people of the country is the chewing of the betel-nut, and the royal grandmother is addicted to this habit. The chewing of the green leaf leaves a residue of red juice in the mouth which has to be expelled at frequent intervals. Helen and her mother enter the royal apartments, where the old lady, surrounded by attendants (female) is reclining on a couch. She was in a motor car accident last summer, when she suffered severe injuries, from which she has not

yet recovered. Allowing scant time for the exchange of formalities, Helen starts in on the lady, asking questions in the singular, which form of the verb is used only for servants in this country. "What is this thing?" says Helen. "What is that used for"? "What is in that little box?" The swagman answers politely and with amusement all of Helen's questions and congratulates her mother on the fluency with which the child uses the vernacular. And then

the conversation goes merrily on, the mother trying in vain to cut the little girl and get control of the conversation. In answer to Helen's last question the lady replies: "That is a box which holds the "pán" (betel-nut) which I chew." "And what is that woman holding in her hand?" asks Helen pointing to another attendant. The mistress looks at the silver receptacle, and after a moment's hesitation, gives the right answer: "That is what I spit into when I have finished chewing the betel-nut." "What?" says

Helen. The poor lady is compelled to repeat what she has just said. The next question sends the Highness into shrieks of laughter. It is this: "When are you going to spit?"!! Bowles of mystification beat over the poor, humiliated mother, but she is quite relieved when the royal personage begins to laugh. The Badakhshi was gone. "Right now" said she and when the attendant held the silver vessel under her chin, she spat generously into it.

Some fool has written recently discrediting oriental ideas of hospitality!

January 1914

Mother - "What did you learn in Sunday School today, Helen?"

Helen - "A man is died!"

April 1914

Mother - "What did you learn in S.S. this morning?"

Helen - "There were ~~"what log"~~ "what log" and 5 "rolls" and 2 "~~fishes~~ macklis". But they couldn't eat it."

Mother - "Why not?"

Helen - "There wasn't enough to go 'round. The fishes were just teeny weeny ones. And when the "what log" came there was nothing left for them to eat"!

July 1914

A Kashmiri-wala appears at the house showing some crushed turquoise articles among other things some small candle holders. Helen urges her mother to buy one. "Why do you want one?" asks Mrs. Forman. "I want to jump over it" says Helen. It seems a queer reason but the matter thinks no more about it. The candle-holder is purchased. Next morning, Helen is observed taking the candlestick from the bureau, placing it on the floor. "What are you doing there?" inquires her mother.

"Why I'm going to jump over it!" replied Helen. "Don't you know about Jack be nimble, Jack be quick & Jack jump over the candlestick?"

July 1914.

One morning at breakfast after raising our heads after asking the blessing, Helen enquires: Mamma why don't you bless up instead of down? God is up in the sky".

Sept. 20, 1914.
Dinner with Mr. & Mrs. Dunbar.

We had been sitting at the table for some minutes and as no food was produced, Mrs. Dunbar said, "Well, George, you might as well say Grace blessing while we are waiting." Mr. Dunbar bowed our heads & he attempted to say it; but he had uttered no more than a couple of words when he had to stop because he was laughing so. Evidently something funny had just occurred. I don't know what. "Oh" he said, "I can't possibly say it now."

We all looked up then and laughed; and Dunbar suggested that Mrs. Hegley say it as she seemed the calmest one of the crowd. But she refused. So after reproving [illegible] wife, Mr. D. tried it again, but with no better success than before. Then while our heads were still bowed and we were making a supreme effort to control ourselves Helen came to the pronounced in clear sober tones, "Heavenly Father will you please bless this food to our hearts. Amen". Then we proceeded to eat.

Helen, at one end of the table monopolized the conversation with Mr. Dunbar. I caught the following snatches from her remarks: "Mr. Dunbar, don't you like this cold weather? I do too. Goodin is an awfully hot + hearty place."

"I take a nap every day — but sometimes I don't, when I'm very busy."

"I'm going to try not to wet the bed tonight!"

Dec. 1914.

Why did God make two holes in our noses?

Why have we got hair on our hands?

Dec. 27, 1914.

I am teaching a class of poor, ignorant Indian children the Christmas lesson. I ask, "Who was born on Christmas day?" There is dead silence. Finally Helen who is standing by suggests that it might be the Maharajah's baby:

Mar. 13, 1915 - just after the fire.

Helen - "How nice it was that we were saved and my dollies + the flowers."

Later. "~~I don't think I~~ Why did God save the other folks' houses + not ours? I don't think I can like God if he does things like that."

June ~~May~~, 1915

Helen, after a day at kindergarten - "When the Spectacle (inspector) came around + looked at my work (sewing) he said, 'Those are very nice stitches.'"

Aug. 11, 1915.

Helen - "Do you know why I love Francie McCubbey very much? Because she has such a sweet face and because she walks so cutely and has curly hair".

May 7, 1916

Billy gave me (his mother) quite a discourse at the supper table. Helen was very much disgusted as he completely usurped her conversational throne. In spite of her rebukes, he rattled on unconcernedly. Among other things he said: "Yesterday, Helen & I went to Hernán - and we got a little dog. It had nice brown hair. Wasn't he cute? We went to Jean's house and she gave us, oh my! such a lot of candy. Wasn't it sweet?"

May 1916.

Helen, talking and crooning to Frances; "Frances darling, don't you know you're Jesus's special little lamb?"

Billy jr. asking the blessing at the supper table, "Father Jesus, keep us happy & well & take us to heaven,

June 1916

Four or five of the missionary children are having a tea-party on the back verandah. They are engaged in a heated argument over something, when

J.

suddenly Helen is moved to say with great vehemence: "Arthur you needn't think America is India. America is one of the special countries"!

July 1916.

Helen seems to think Billy in need of constant admiring these days; and she administers the same vigorously. This morning he spoke of someone being "deaded". Helen immediately remarked, "Billy I wish you wouldn't use that word. You don't know proper grammar at all!"

One day Billy in anger at Helen for something shouted; "Helen Weld stop that!" She turned upon him with Billy mad ass, or stop that - calling me by my father's surname!"

Aug. 11, 1916

Beckai our cook was a little slow about serving the "Scotch Rizzit" this morning so Billy went out to the kitchen in his pajamas and administered the following rebuke in English: "Mr. Beckai will you please get the food ready at once, or I'll give you a smack pretty quick."

Aug. 24, 1916.

Helen asking for another drink of water going to bed adds: "Gadzooks, I had two sips, and two sips don't even make a gulp."

Aug. 24, 1916

Junior tells the following story: "Once upon a time, Jesus was died in the mob crush and 22 nice girls came walking along and they said, "Oh, Jesus, was you died?" And he said "Oh no, I was just lying here in the mob crush nice + quiet."

Nov. 1916.

Dr. Brown of Jubbulpore who is with us for lunch, is saying that since he received accidentally a few months previously his head regularly just "my tie" across the top. Then looking across intently at his bald pate, remarked, "It looks tie it now!"

— —

Billy returning from Sunday School informs us: "Heads are not made to stand on; they are made to think of; and noses are made to sniff with."

Some of Billy's prayers.

"Dear Jesus, forgive me for my naughtiness and my illness. We are so sorry that you got pelted on the cross. Please take away mummy's headache. Amen." Then turning to his mother at once, he asks "Is it tooken away?"

"Dear Jesus, make auntie Mabel happy and give her a sweetie — but like little Ruth."

"Make Frances well in her mouth & keep her soft & good."

"Dear Jesus, Don't let mamma get sick, don't let papa get sick, don't let Helen get sick, don't let Francks get sick, don't let anybody in the world get sick."

Helen also makes the above prayer — and adds to it "And don't get sick yourself".

April 12, 1917.

Helen who has been called to lunch repeatedly pays no attention to the summons. Finally her father — in firm, stern

tones commands:
"Helen come at once"!
She quickly takes
her seat at the table,
at the same time
turning to her father
and responding sweetly:
"Thank you, for the
invitation to lunch!"
April 12, 19[illegible]

Upon leaving the
table, Ernest rises,
brings his hand to his
chest with a smiling
flourish, and
making a stiff
appeal bow asks
to be excused. Helen
replies, "certainly! but
you needn't make that
absurd bow."

The Firs
Landour

May 1st. 1917

Billy Jr. went in to make a morning call on Mrs. Forman the other day & on telling me he addressed her 5 mos. old son thus: "Buster you must grow straight & strong for the Lord Jesus"

May 1917.

Helen & Billy are seated on a tin trunk in the corner by the fireplace listening to a story. Billy becomes tired & sleepy, Helen noticing this says "Billy lean your dear precious head on me". Billy looks up & asks seriously, "Helen

why do you call my
bosom, gentle?'

May 22, 1917

Helen

'Mamma now can a
man make a language?
Just think, when there
was no language at all
and someone had to make
one! Really I think
some men are more
clever than God"!
But immediately afterwards
she added, Oh no it's God
that makes them clever
enough to do all these
things isn't it?'

Aug. 14 / 917.

Helen + Billy were telling original stories. Helen had a fisherman catch a large fish + find a large pearl in its mouth etc.

Then Billy began, "Once upon a time there was a fisherman". "Now Billy," interrupted Helen, "you need not copy my story; and don't you know that man find a pearl in the fish's mouth."

"Once upon a time" continued Billy, "there was a fisherman and he went hunting + shot a wild ---

"Oh, my goodness, Billy,

fishermen don't go "muting",
but in Arden, "they go fishing".
"Well replied Billy, with
considerable vehemence,
"this fisherman didn't like
to fish; he liked to hunt!"

And again he began, "Once
upon a time there was a
fisherman, and he went hunting
and shot a wild ---- what do
you think?" So Helen & I guessed ----
leopard, tiger, boar, elephant, wolf,
fox, lion, hyena, jackal etc.
Well, we thought we had him as
we went over the whole
category of wild animals.
But "no" announced Billy
triumphantly "he shot a
wild camel!" And then he
proceeded with his story:

---

Sunday morning Helen conducted a church service with Billy as audience. "Let us sing Hymn no. 7" she began; and they sang "Jewels". "Now we shall read the 23rd Psalm found in the 23rd Chap. of Matt." no in the 23rd Chap. of Ps'lms!" Billy was allowed to join in the singing of the hymns + in repeating the words Prayer. In the middle of this when they were saying "and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us" Billy said "those". and Helen stopped right there long enough to administer a rebuke,

Is it 'them' or 'those'?
"Them' said Billy. "All right, then say 'them'!" and they proceeded with the prayer.

Aug 13 1911

I was talking with the children about "walking in Jesus' footsteps."
"Well" said Billy, "if God would only go slow enough, we could walk in his steps, couldn't we, Helen!" Or perhaps it was this way: "If Jesus wouldn't take such big steps may be we could follow him better!"

+ Poem composed by Helen on board S.S. Silvana approaching Singapore, April 1918.

An island seen in the
distance,
A speck of land afar.
And as we go sailing
past it
It seems but as a star."

Nov. 1918.

Helen has been teaching Billy to read as she thinks. It is all by note + he can repeat pages of the Reader. One day he says "Mother you know I can read beautifully; but the

sufficiently so that I don't know when to turn the eggs!"

A Poem composed by Helen at "Mountain West"
July, 1911.

Little Billy Nute is very very cute.
He has a little pop-gun watch which he shoots everyone.

One day he was sleeping with his little gun.
And a rolling pea hit him in the eye.

it hit somebody in the eye,
and then arose an
awful cry.

But Billy only carried
with him,
so full of merriment
was he.

---

Poems composed by Helen,
Oct. 6, 1919.

Snow.

Snow, snow everywhere -,
on the ground,
and in the air.
All the trees are soon
clothed in white
when before they were
bare as night.

Spring

The trees have put on
their dresses of green,
The flowers are the
prettiest ever seen.
The birds are singing
merrily,
And the whole world
seems made for me.

Summer.

Summer time has come
at last
And with it my vacation.
We are going to spend it
At our home on the
plantation.

April 1921

Francie, returning from her second dancing (lesson motion-songs & folk dances) at Mrs. Morgan's, says:
"Today we danced the Ginger Ale".

VI. Annual Meeting in India, 1916 or 1917

At the annual meetings of the mission the children have their meals at a separate long table on the verandah of one of the bungalows. On one such occasion,

Mrs. R. C. Smith was presiding over the dinner. She was asking the blessing. It was longer than Billy was accustomed to. Finally, feeling that it had gone on long enough, he came out with a loud and decided "A... men!

An Encounter with Baboons.

Among the interesting inhabitants of the Himalaya Mountains particularly on the slopes of the lower ranges where we have spent eight delightful summers, 1910-1917) are the "langurs" great, grey, shaggy-haired apes & baboons. They have ugly black faces and the full-grown males are sometimes as large as a man. I had often heard these huge creatures crashing through the forests and had seen them swinging from branch to branch,

or leaping tremendous distances from tree to tree, as we walked along the mountain roads; but they were usually at a safe distance in the hills or great ravines + gulches of the deeper woods.

One day I had a closer encounter with them. We were living that summer, (1914?) at Upper Woodstock, a mission house perched on the side of one of the Landour hills, and fairly well down toward its base. A steep narrow, zigzag path led up from our bungalow to the "Chukkar" a broad level road circling the top of the mountain, where

we went frequently for a "hawa khana" (or "to eat the air" as they say in Hindustan) and for a view of the long, magnificent range of snow-capped peaks, far across the valleys.

With our little daughter, Helen, aged 4 (?) I was picking my way carefully but briskly down this rough path one morning, when suddenly there appeared on the treeless slope below us a troop of some 15 "langurs" old & young, big & little — apparently a whole clan, migrating to higher camping grounds.

We stopped in our tracks and stood stock-still. The baboons, after moving up to within 9 or 10 feet of the path, gradually spread out into a long, loose line facing us; and one ferocious-looking mother-ape with her baby clinging to her breast took up her strategic position at the sharp hair-pin turn in the path a few feet to our right — a point which we had to pass in our downward progress. It was a case of baboons to right of us, baboons to left of us,

baboons in front of us, grimaced + glowered. But each party waited for the other to make the first move. I, of course, had no intention of doing anything for the present.

Finally, after what seemed hours, the whole line of "lingams" began moving forward, and gradually all crushed the path, some of the huge creatures passing so close to us, we could almost have touched them. Gaining the higher ground, a few feet above us, they

drew up again, to wait for this reminder, the big female with her little one, who still held her ground at the fork in the road. In spite of her ugly, pitted look, I apparently stirred her out of countenance, for, in the end, she too moved on and joined the clan on the open slope above.

When the way was clear, Helen & I lost no time getting into motion. We gaily flew down the last stretch of stony track that separated us from home & safety. Little

caused us that the mischievous creatures we had just encountered took one last fling at us by rolling down the steep slope in the direction of our feet. Flying fast small rocks & stones dislodged from the mountain side

FORM 150

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CAMP SECRETARY

# Rain Song

Chorus. Jhuke áe bádal dal
Ghere áe bádal d

1. Jhum, jhum gherat may
Dhúm machávve abhiyádi
Sav sav barsat bind ph
Diwas rain ati andhiyar

2. Jhal jhal chamke chanch
Chák chaundhi ákhkhan
Tar tar, tar, tar, top sí dar
Dal ke dar mohi ati bhá

3. Chalat pavan sav nan
Khudh, khudh, khudh, khud
Pavan jhakore tar wan
Byákul bhae khag

4. Thum tin náhin ab
Din dayálu gaydhár
Prem sahit ab vánh
Bekat rain ati andhiyar

ré
bhári
áwe } 2

ére } 2

bijli } 2
dári } 2
} 2
ho
nan, nan, nan, } 2
dhúdh kári }
tiite } 2
ban chári, ro
sáhále } 2

ga ho tum } 2
ho

Bhajan.

Chor. Ab to jáyiá re, kaise sab
ho Machhio!

1. Uth baitho ab nidra tyáge
dekho ánkh pasár
Yism Machhi dharm ki náyo
Chamak rahi sansár.

2. Jhuthe ghar se ghar kahe
dan sachche ghar se gor
Nam chalen ghar apne
ann log machhaur shor

3. Dekho bálat apne desh ki
kaisá bigrá jál
Kyun aiki khudgarz bane hai
Jara (bhi) sharm nahin ál.

4. Himmat bándho khuda se
márgo Ruh ká achchha dán
Jis ke ráste se tar jáwen
Ham tum, sab nádán.